VISIT…

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A Journal of Impossible Things

There is a big center piece on some kind of ship, it has wires all around it, bright lights. wires connect the light piece with the whole room, I feel safe there. It seems to be some kind of controll panel consol.

This was inside some sort of box. it almost looks like a telephone booth this takes me to another world although I know there are these places

I think the contraption is blue a very dark blue again its like some sort of cupboard.

I think it has never [illegible]

The central contraption i think controlls the Console room in which it is in, the Controlls

bigger inside than outside

it has controlls on the light sonic,

leavers and sockets wires that connect it to the room.

There is a screen

this bigger inside

There is also some notes and image that i dont understand although i do in my dreams.

my magic box

There is a screen that i use to navigate, i might control it myself.

Magic box

this amazing safe place although may not be safe i can get lost in my magic box

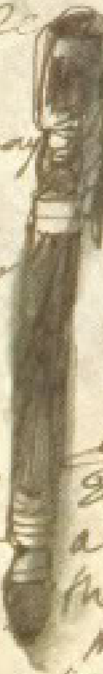
bigger inside than outside

Box of magic

I have this magical, almost pen like implement, that opens anything, it lights up with a bright white light when i use it. ~~magic pen~~

i think it was called Sonic although i am sure the name was alot longer but i cannot remember.

Pen of magic



It has a light a magic light there is a magic light creates a light sonic that has a power.

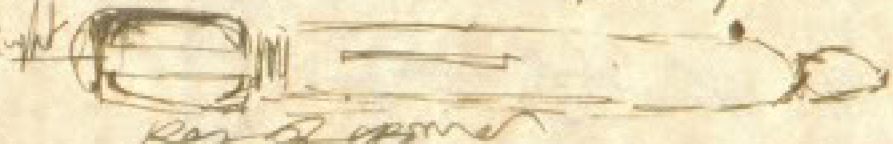
light magic

metal magic pen

metal sonic pen

magic

It's a magic pen

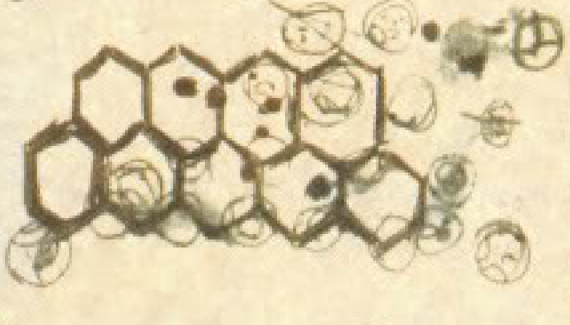


Pen of opener

Strange Symbols. Happens in an circle this is the border

Strange symbols

they know

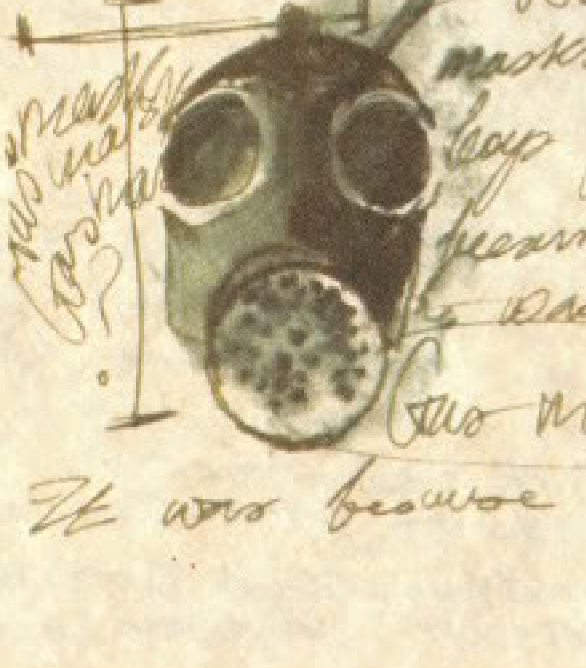


Symbols. have to draw these symbols

arches and lines
circles and hexagons

with their faces
in masks.
the little
, its like
faces
ame the
sks,
are it
gas.
asks in
ndages like ancient mummies

faces people were wearing masks on the day face he became the mask was the mask.



It was because of the gas.

they became masks they were the masks

It was made from metal, although
when I put my hand to it, it felt
like skin. It felt warmer under my
hand like paying attention to its presence
like it could feel every pore. If a pet
dog, say feels positive emotion at the
presence of a masters hand,
this was the opposite of that. It felt
like I had touched a cauldron inside
something which was ~~boiling or~~ seething
the presence of my flesh offended it.
And yet there was a connection.
I have seen things much like these in
fever dreams. the thoughts are so close
in my waking brain that I cannot
help but think they are related. There
is always a gun, and a slit so whatever
is inside it can see out. Is it a man?
I think it is ~~sometimes a man~~, I see him
~~[illegible] through the mud~~ so he
nothing one eye closed so he can only
has no perspective and he can only
see straight ahead. These things
crawl through the mud and desolation
killing everything in front of them
illuminated from above by explosions
in the sky.
the fellow feeling between these monsters
and the thing I recall touching is
that each stands only for its own
side. The other side has nothing like
it. One of these can kill all. And
there is the matter of such fractions being
quite distinct. not like the other shades of
~~its~~ language and culture that distinguish
the great empires.

old — It was a machine
I knew of them

~~It was made from metal and~~ it
had a gun and a slit from
which whatever was inside it
could out.

It rolled forward over the mud,
killing everything. It stood only for
itself, for the side it was on.
The other side had nothing on

It looked
like it was
alive, although
it was a
machine I
I'm not sure
on the colour
I think it was
a dark colour

it was like
some kind of
weapon.
there was some
[illegible] of metal
[illegible] that
came out, or
attached
it was definitely
metal.

like a black or a [illegible] it is unclear.
They had circles at the bottom
or buttons all through again I am unsure
There was a lot of them. Them came
hundreds in many groups although
this did not make me nervous.

~~They waited~~
~~They moved forward~~
~~They changed~~

They marched in rows, going to war. No expressions on their faces.

If they had once felt like men, and could decide whether or not they were going to be slaughtered, that was over now.

The machine had recruited them and had changed them.

~~marching to war~~

The men of metal are they going to war I think they are going to war. the tin people silver people there eyes where black no expressions on there faces, and a handle little feature on there heads. they march and march and march they are metal men men of metal no expressions on there faces there faces are expressionless. the men of metal the metal men.

The machine breed recruited them and had changed them.

going to war. Marching. marching.

helmets
marching
metal men metal
metal guys
metal men
metal men
march
march
march
Evil man
marching metal
men in metal
maybe metal suits
metal men
NO EXPRESS
marching men

They had a handle on their head that almost looked like a handle

marching in rows going to war

They have no expressions on there faces

they all look the same

Metal

From my home in my dreaming I
know it so well, as one often knows
something well or one dreams without
knowing it at all. It is always there,
somewhere. I do know if I own it,
quite. I feel I have inherited it
because all other claimants have ceased
Or perhaps that I have gained it
through more dubious means. There is
something dubious about it. On the outside
it is all upstanding and sensible, something
to do with the law, with the police. But
when I am inside it I do not think of myself
as representing the authorities I feel almost
as if I am a fugitive.
Although it is a house of wonders
often when I try and wonder. It
does not work, or works in a way
which suggests my dream is having
a game with me. It is my life all
in all, to be granted a magic box
and find it does not do tricks it's supposed to
It feels like being told that one once
had a part of the body that one no
longer has. an ability that has
been lost. It should function it
~~does not do the tricks it's sup~~
perhaps it needs the care &
attention of other people to do so.
and yet the lack of function is drawing

<u>Plot</u>

It's my home I know it well, but it
is huge, bigger on the inside than
the outside,

Maius Intra Qua Extra!

It's my magic box. Nothing can harm
me here. Unless I get lost inside
it.

And there is something to do with the
law, with the police, although when
I am inside it I do not think of
my self as representing the authorities
I feel almost as a fugitive.

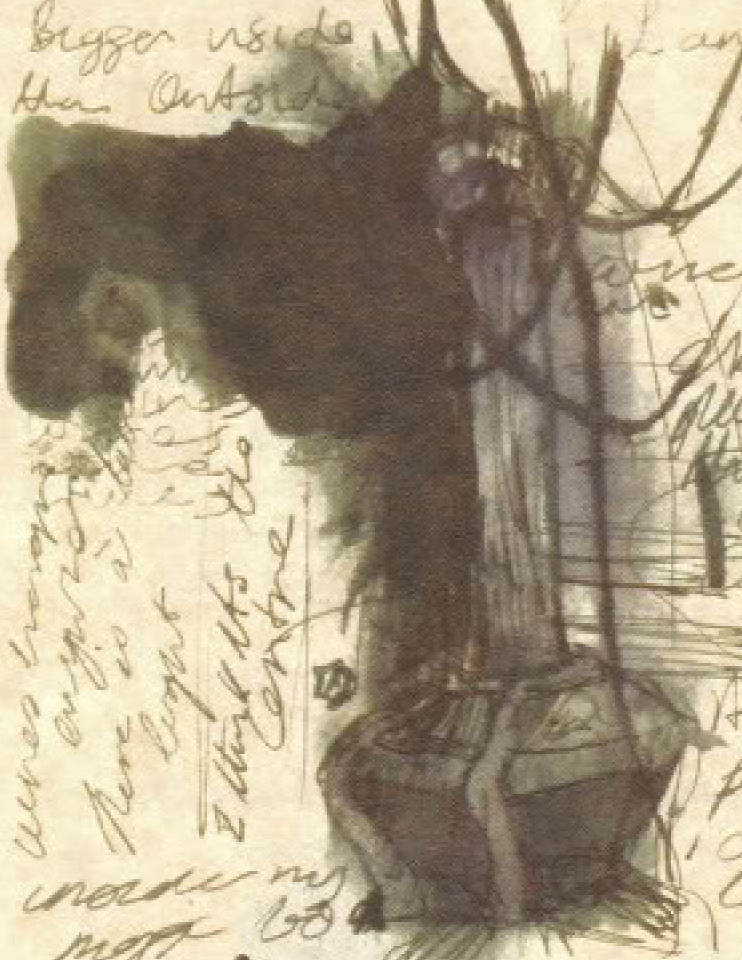
It looks like a
tall box with a
roof it has windows
it is bigger inside
than outside.

magic box

Bigger inside than Outside
bigger inside than Outside

wires hang everywhere from the Ceiling

I am in a Safe place, I know this place.



I know this place I know this place

Safe place

Its my Safe place I can get lost inside it

inside my mind box

bigger on the inside I think its the centre

I think this powers the house I think I my magic box Control it using this box

It is bigger on the inside than the outside; it has something to do with the law the police

magic box magic box magic box magic box bigger on the inside

Buttons and levers

Levers and controls control the box it takes me where I want to go

* Its my home in my dreams, I know it so well, as one often knows something well in dreams without knowing it at all. It is always there, Somewhere. I do not know if I own it quite. I feel ~~like~~ I have inherited it because all other claimants have ceased. Or perhaps that I have gained it through more dubious means. There is something dubious about it. On the Outside, it is all yesterday and sombre. Something to do with the law with the police. But when I am inside it I do not think of myself as representing the authorities; I feel almost as if I am a "fugitive". Although it is a house of wonders often when I try a wonder, it does not work, or works in a way which ~~my dream~~ suggests my dream is having a fun game with me. It is my life all in all, to be granted a magic box and find it does not do the tricks it is suppose to! It feels like being told that one once had a part of the body that one no longer has, or an ability that has been lost. It should function. It does not. perhaps it needs the care and attention of other people to do so. And yet the lack of function is us —

dreaming as the desire of certain
folks always to sing, even though
they are ~~unable~~ unable to. This Tardis
is like an old dog, perhaps it is
too late to teach it new tricks...
When I walk inside I am always surprised
it is like a small dark door that leads
into a great cathedral, hidden under
ground! The magic door in the little
behind which one can find legends of
~~[illegible]~~ the other world that lies
inside our own!
It is huge bigger on the inside than
outside. Maius extra Qua Extra! it should
... , but it is too comfortable for that. It
is like I recall the same room when I
was a child, when it was smaller. I
can look down through the floor somehow
just by being at home I am on the peak
of a mountain. And yet it is also like
being inside a mothers embrace. A
hardy old girl. A heart of gold. A power
as great as a mothers love.
Nothing can harm me there unless I
get lost inside.
My friends are all aboard. That is
the very defination of being a friend
mine, that one has lived here ~~[illegible]~~
with me.
I must be a gentleman of the road in my
dreams, a dealer in brica brac & old clothes
because I have a gypsy caravan I have
[illegible] stepping out of my home in so many diff
places. It is the best thing about my dreams the
only reality I can fall back on apart from

~~But of~~ course the reality of the waking
world in matters, The truth when I am awake I MISS it.

The faces are unclear although
they loom by but like
creatures with big wings.

Dark shadows
living another
way on the ceiling.

... staring at the door.
... me and time ends

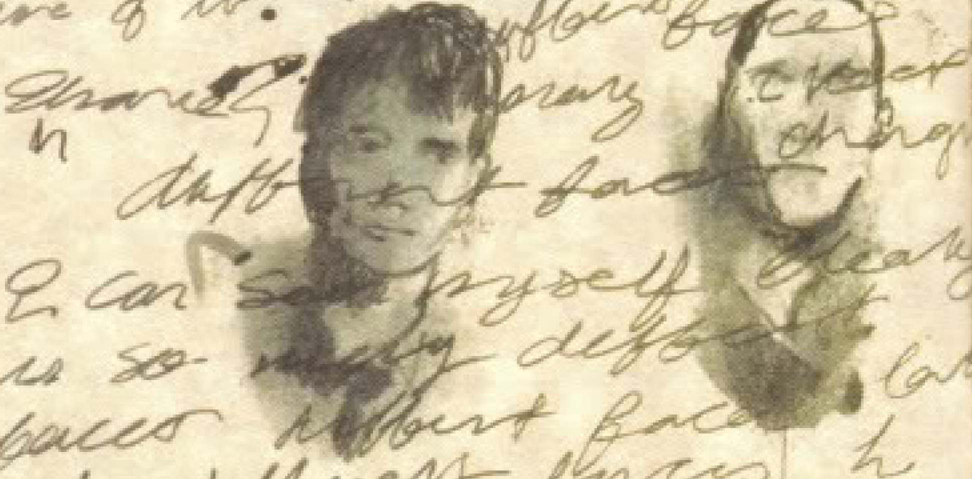
... one could not lie in
... then I'm back
always back.
... I am still the

I can't remember the
faces.

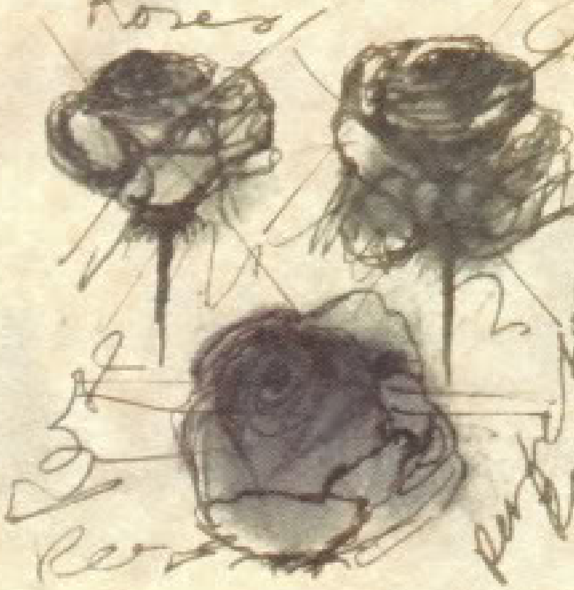
bats are a certain breed
everywhere ...
big wings ...
eyes of fire ...

~~I am different~~
~~I am lots of peop~~
~~I am lots of differ people~~

I have been different. It is not like remembering one's youth, it is like dreaming yourself as a prince or a clown. Not oneself playing those parts, but actually being that other person. I have inhabited the clothes of scholars and jesters and.... I may have played cricket for England. That is one of the most important dreams not trivial. I am sure of it.



I find myself wanting to draw a perfect rose, over and over although I cannot find a rose anywhere.



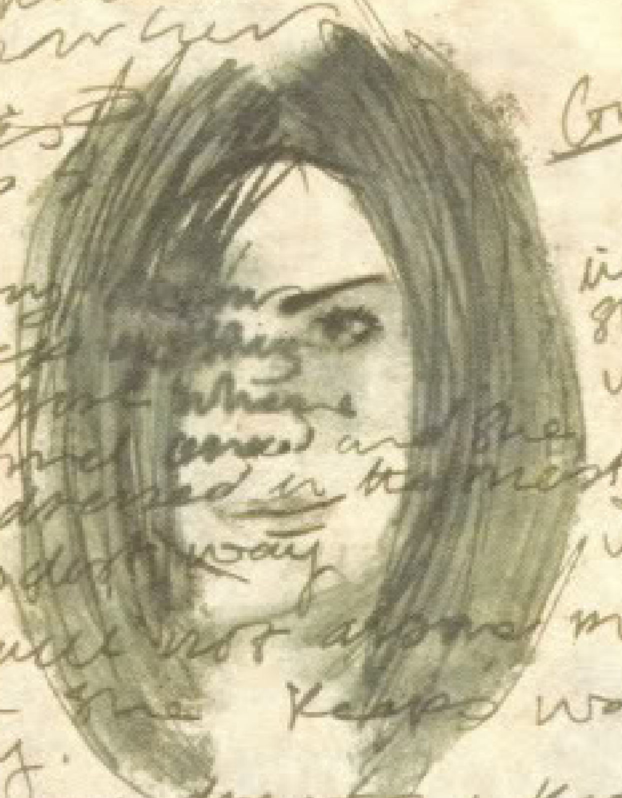
In my dream I keep asking a girl where to find one, and she is dressed in the most extraordinary immodest way.
She will not answer me, and she keeps walking away.

I keep dreaming of her first.

Could it be my dreams

I remember this girl I have drawn her although I know her well in my dreams I know her. Well I know. I know her

She is ... ways

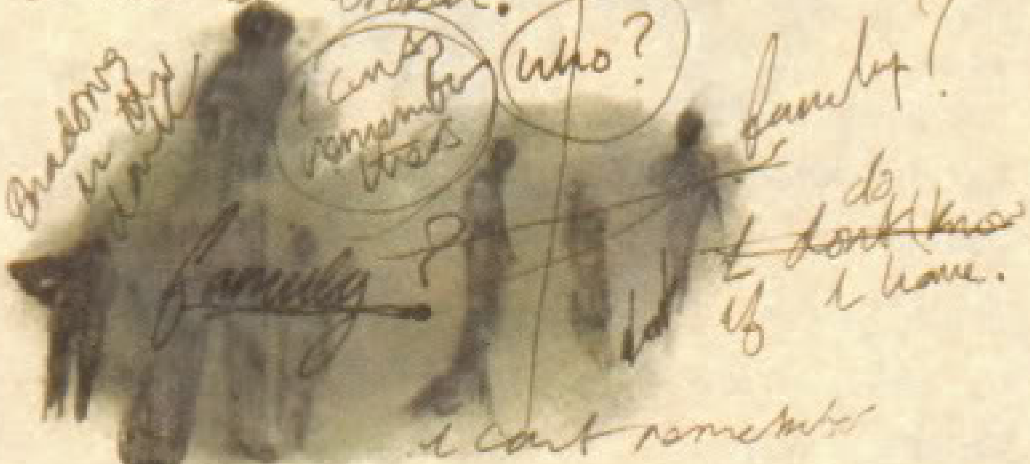


In my dream I keep asking a girl where to find one and she is dressed in the most immodest way.
She will not answer me, and she keeps walking away.

In my dreams I keep asking a girl where to find one. and she is dressed in the most immodest and extraordinary way.
She will not answer me, and she keeps walking away

I am a father in my dreams,
I am certain, and a grandfather,
& great sadness at these thoughts.
As if they had not just died all
my progeny, but had departed in
a way some how more final than
death.

I am the last for some reason
I am terribly afraid that my
watch is broken.



I cannot remember
what they look like I just
see shadows of shapes.

Stones in the Sky, rocks glowing red and I am afraid of every piece as it goes past as if somehow this were the very earth and said that I love.

I am watching it and this is some huge death, as one might watch a fleet sail by, from a balcony.

Bright

Bright?

Sun was bright

Sun Bright

Sun as a ball of fire bright sun

Watching the Earth I was watching the earth.

This is a huge death

a huge death

Earth watching the earth

watching the earth

glowing red rocks

red rocks floating

rocks in the sky

rocks in the sky

It was like a blue bottle it sat on the throne

Blue monster that sat on a throne

blue monster was a thing he sat on his throne.

Above was the sky of monsters in this dream now have around different and

I watched it from above above the world I watched it above the Earth

weird almost bird like creature that lived in heaven was living in the shape of a birds skull although it was a brain in the shape of a birds skull although it looked like a brain.

weird [redacted]

colour fur around

~~Stones in the sky, rocks, glowing red~~

They are in clothes like our clothes, no strange clothes, and the glass brakes and then they are amongst our selfs in those clothes too, only they are falling now, falling in waves cut down with gun fire.

They brake the glass then they are amongst us.

Glass brakes and they are amongst us

Brake through the glass they

They brake through the glass they have no expression on their faces then ~~Brok~~ ~~Broke~~ Broke the glass and then they ~~were~~ amongst us.

plastic men brake the glass they are amongst us

They are in clothes like our clothes, no strange clothes, and the glass brakes, and then they are amongst ourselfs in those clothes too, only they are falling now, falling in waves cut down with gun fire.

The look on their faces is all the same

I think their faces were plastic

They had eyes that were empty

no expression

Empty eyes

Empty eyes

Empty eyes

Empty eyes

Braking through the glass braking through the glass braking through

Expressionless plastic men brake through

~~footprints~~

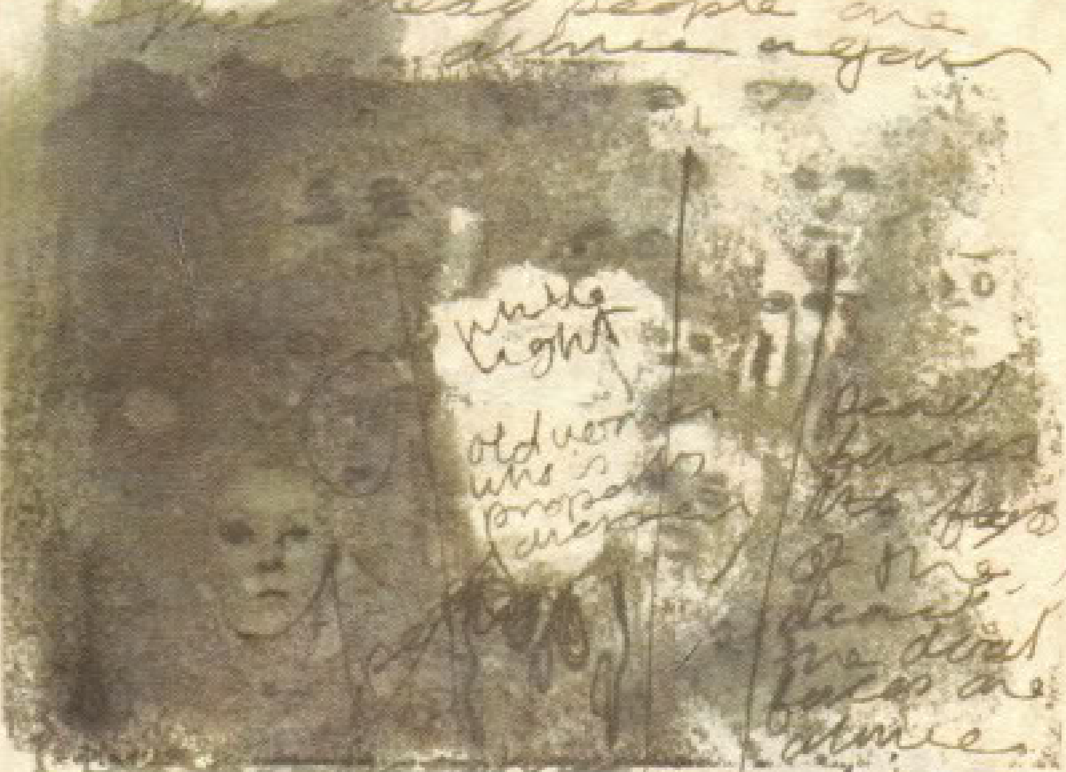
A Single footprint in the Snow
this is the recent past and for
some reason in Wales, and
there is a lady more properly
dressed and she is Smiling &
Smiling, but there are always the
dead in the air around us.

A single footprint in the snow
this is the recent past for
Some reason in wales, and
there is a lady more
properly dressed and she
is Smiling and Smiling
Smiling lady the old
lady who is properly dressed
I cannot draw what I see
See Old people young people
Recent past people from

dead are alive

people from the recent past dead are alive

Dead people are alive again
the dead people are alive
the dead people are
alive again

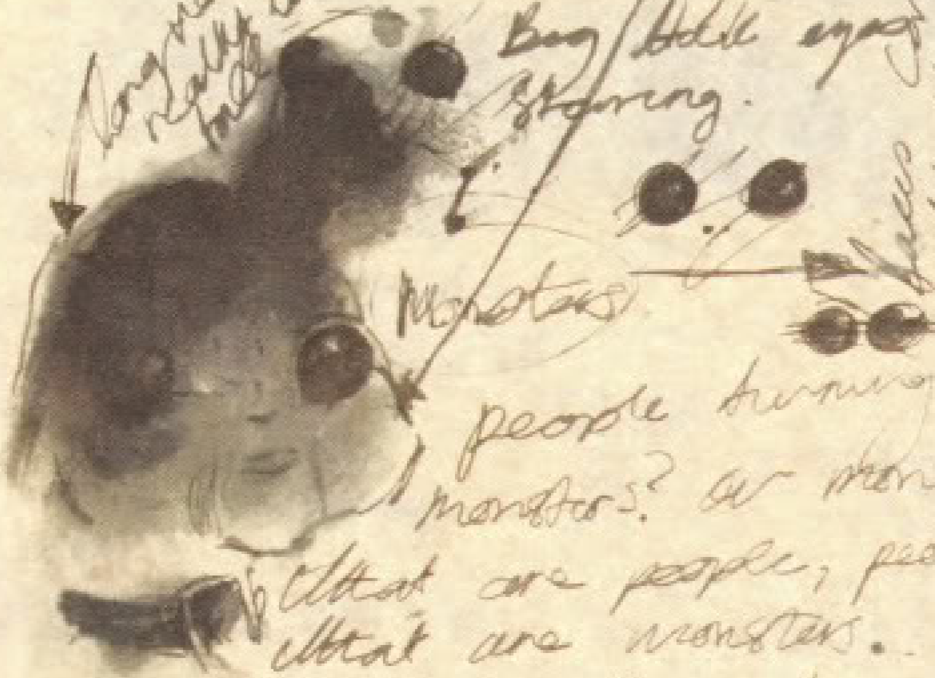


Dead people are trying
the dead people
an old lady who
went ... white light
... in the dark
... like an eye
She is an old lady
people that are dead
dead people watching me
The women who is
dead the old woman in
the light.

dead people

The cracked face of a clock tower, a prophecy about London.
I can but I hope this is the distance future.
Something has burst into the water
is it a shell?

Monsters that were disguised.

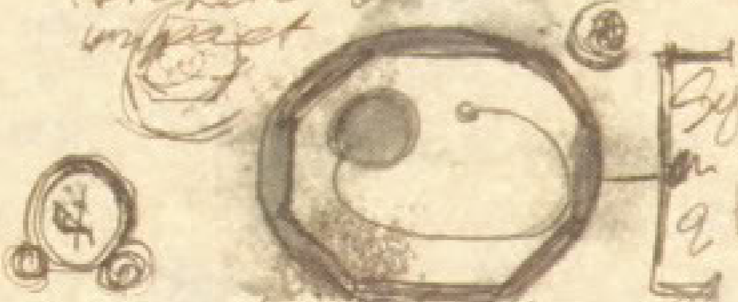


people turning into monsters? or monsters that are people, people that are monsters..

Electrical power some kind of change electrified him

I think they live amongst us, on earth we don't know who they really are.

There is some sort of connection its indeed



Some kind of flying thing that is in the water

A gargoyle or a celing decoratio
and it is speaking to me. It
has to live up high, and it has
been here for so long.
It says it is in controll of
everyone

A Gargoyle or Celing dec

A gargoyle or a celing
decoration, and it's speaky
to me.
It has to live up high.
and it has been here for
so long.

It says it is in controll
of everyone.

it speaks to me.

Sharp teeth
almost a mouth.
I think it is a
mouth with
monster.

it speaks to me

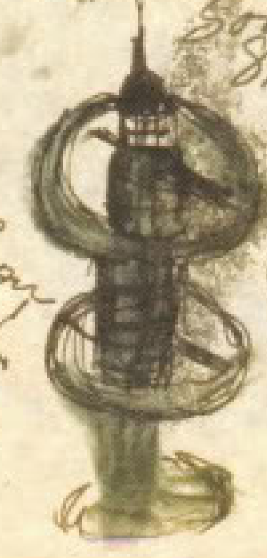
it almost look
like a mouth. I
think it is a
mouth with teeth

I think it was
in the
celing

giant mouth
sharp teeth

it was big
bigger the celing

There was some kind
of object with circles around
it, it was in the
sky that I could see
it. It
Something in the
sky

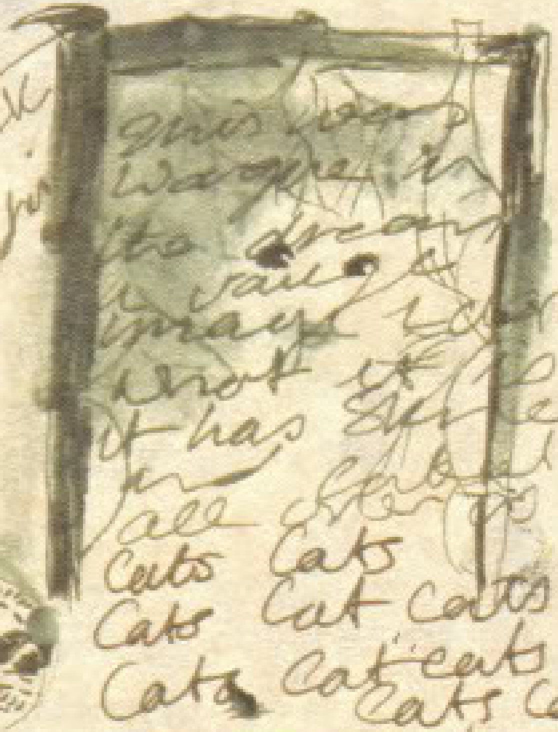


There was a
man who had white
hair I had to stop
him I think thats
what i had to
do.

it was
above on
the celing

people that was
Sick, with veins/
Sickness that shows
on their skin.

There was a man
with a pattern on
his face & covering
remember what his
looks like or his
name.



Cats Cats
Cats Cat Cats
Cats Cat cats
Cats Cat

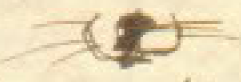
cat people
people
that are
cats that
live to
move
and
looks
like

patterns
on a man
faces

they are nurse cats

Cat people cat?

The world is turned upside down.



The Cats are keeping the people

They are matrons, white figures wandering through the murk.

Big white hats.

Nurses
Nurses
Nurses
Nurses

Hospital wards
Nurses were different.

Cat nurses

Cats controlled everything

I can't remember what they looked like although they looked normal but like cats.

CAT

They are not human like
they are animals
with cats

A beast, who was alsoe
a man in a cage.

But why do I think a
bad wolf would be
good?

He is trying to get to the heart
of the empire, and the heart
of the Empire is some how
against us, wants to send
us to our deaths.

wolf of some sort but its
bigger than a wolf, its stronger
than what a wolf would be

its fast big
claws and hands.
its an animal

Its a beast a big wolf
like creature it has red
eyes and sharp teeth it wants
to get to the Empire, the
will harm us.

Something wants to get me !!
It is a ware wolf I think

There was a big telescope, Watching the Sky

Big telescope

monks I saw monks in robes

monks with black eyes deep black eyes.

Black eyes

Red eyes

I think there was the Beast here unsure if this was there or not.

continue

werewolf

its a wolf although
his features are
unclear as I can't
really know out
I can see
that he is
a
wolf
although
he is
different
looking
but
quite
muscles
it right
apart from
the claws
on his
hands
I think he
walks
on his
hind
legs? at me not to
me.

in the dark

I know that I owned a dog,
but I kept giving them. Or losing
them.

So I decided to protect it by
making a kennel on wheels that
covered it

metal dog

metal dog
missing

its my dog although its protected,
its protected because I kept losing
...its

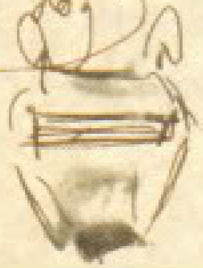
metal dog that is missing

its my Companion

Dog of metal
on wheels

I know I owned a dog

metal dog



I might I owned it,
I made it metal
to protect it.

Beautiful monsters.
clockwork! They have
clocks for faces.
And I've left something
behind, I've left someone
behind again, and I can
never get her back.

I've set something on fire,
and its away up the chimney
and I'll never see it again.

Broken glass
clockwork
clockwork cogs
clockwork. cogs
Broken clock
Beautiful clo
with broken glass
Broken clock clockwork
Broken glass

masks?
covered
faces.
Beautiful.
elegant

patterned masks
white faces
Permanent
smile

Beautiful
monsters
always
smiling.

these faces
are masks
or painted
a striking
white
always smiling always grinning.
decorative
eyes

Empty eyes. black eyes

There is some connection to
the beautiful monster and
the clock or clockwork.

Symbol? What does it mean!

It has something to do with home

Theres a symbol in it I should know it but I cant remember it

It has a figure like the number eight, although it is not the figure eight

What does this symbol mean

It means something to me this symbol? It means something to me I cannot remember the

It is something like this although its more complicated

It has something to do with home my home but not my magic box!

The Skies are a burnt Orange. And the leaves on the trees are Silver.

I know a man who lives on a hillside there. And the city has towers! And I dance in my robes, and my collar I can never get it right. I am So ill suited for it and yet they tell me I am in charge! Ha ha ha!

The Skies are a burnt orange and the leaves on ~~the~~ trees are Silver I know a man ~~who~~ lives on a hillside there. ~~And~~ the City has towers such towers and I dance in my robes. And my collar I can never get it right I am So ill suited for it and yet they tells me I am in charge ha haha!

~~In my magic box~~

I'm travelling with a Captain in the military, only he isn't what he seems, and so I leave him behind after a battle, and he is stranded in no mans land, so alone and so far away from home.

I left me behind after a battle. I ~~left him in no man~~ left ~~land~~ of no mans land I left him behind he got left behind. he's so alone all alone. ~~I'm alone~~ he is alone, he is a Captain he is a captain that I know whom isn't what he seems

A captain whom travels with although he is not what he seems.

a captain.

A captain I travelled with he had a Captains uniform a long coat he is someone who has come from a far [illegible] away he has a [illegible] no family [illegible]

a captain [illegible] he is [illegible] his face is unclear he is [illegible] long coat

he was a captain coat is long

He is a captain although his face is unclear.

Captain who I travell with

They travel around forever, in circles, in their horseless carriages, and hes a cat too, there are cats and dogs everywhere in these dreams nine lives I suppose.
And deep below there are monsters, there are always monsters wherever I go.

Cats

~~Cars in~~ traffic jams.
~~Cars in~~ traffic jams.
~~Cars in~~ traffic jam

and dogs

Big tunnel

Box metal objects with lights all piled up like in a jam

Chariots

Deep in the ground there live monsters.

Both all the same

Box ~~...~~

They travel around forever, in circles in their horseless carriages and hes a cat too, there are cats and dogs everywhere in these dreams. Nine lives I suppose. And deep below there are monsters, there are always monsters wherever I go.

there is always monsters in my dreams

The monsters where ever I go

weird metal objects like cars although they moved

Stuck

They travelled around forever in circles in their horseless carriages and hes a cat too, there are cats and dogs everywhere in these dreams. Nine lives I suppose. And deep below there are monsters, there are always monsters in my dreams wherever I go.

She wants someone close to me someone I think I know in the Walking World. And she's a ~~Doctor~~. She wants to heal me. Why is being a Dr important? to her and to me. I wish She could turn around so I can see who she really is

She wants someone close to me someone I think I know in the Walking World And shes a Dr for she wants to heal me why is being a Dr important being a Dr? to her and to me I wish she would turn around so I can see

She who wants someone close to me who is this She wants

OR?

Black hair

She wants someone close to me who is this?

I wish she would turn around so I can see who she really is

turns around

She girl with the strange spikey hair is trying to take someone away from me.

She chooses strange different

Her features are unclear

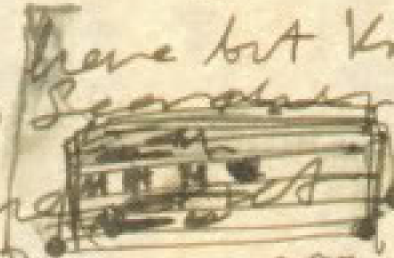
I don't know what she looks like.

Im on the moon, and its
Such a small step.
I can see the whole world!
Beautiful! my home away
from home! Only there is
Such an ordinary building here
But knights! Knights searching
through every corridor! They are
not on horse back, they are like
armoured horses themselfs.

Surface of the
the moon

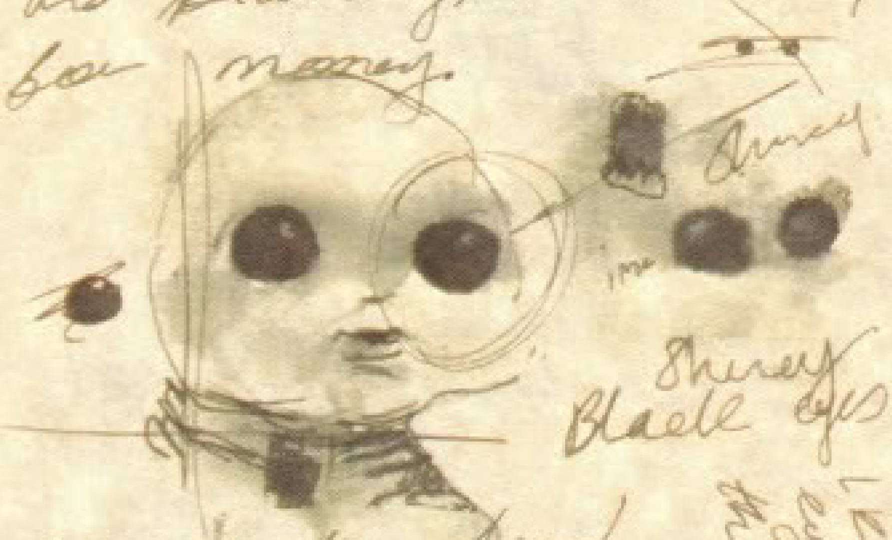
Hospital on surface
of the moon

the surface
of the
moon

I think it was a hospital
although in the future a
futuristic hospital.
Im on the moon and its such
a small step.
I can see the whole world
my home away from home
Only there is such an ordinary
building there but knights

knights searching through
every corridor
They are not on horse
back they are armoured
horses themselfs
Im on the moon and its such
a small step.
I can see the whole world!
Beautiful! my home away
from home! Only there is such
an ordinary building there
But knights searching through
every corridor they are not
on horse back they are armoured
horses themselfs

~~They are little growth~~

They are like babies, long-necked, and stumbling through the world infants from eggs. And a pig is running past me, and he has armour too. And there's so much pain and planning, and its always for money.



I think they had Bolts round their necks They have black

I know those eyes I know those eyes well

They have long necks and wrinkley skin, big black shiny eyes, they almost look a baby. Black shiny eyes

muscely green bodies

small

small

mouths with eyes

small nose

small long necks

mouths

They have three fingers and three claws, they were muscely

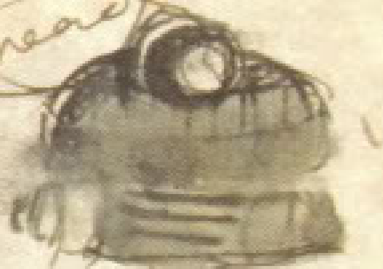
They have wrinkly necks.

They are bald with long bodies and long necks

Small faces.

There is more than one.

The mad one-eyed God
Emperor on his throne, as
big as the room he has
ordered my death but I
went
his heart brought
Servants



I am a contract
and this time
~~etc~~ thats good.

There is a big light through
the eye blue a blue
light.

Its so big its a monster
a metal monster
with giant circles all
around it.

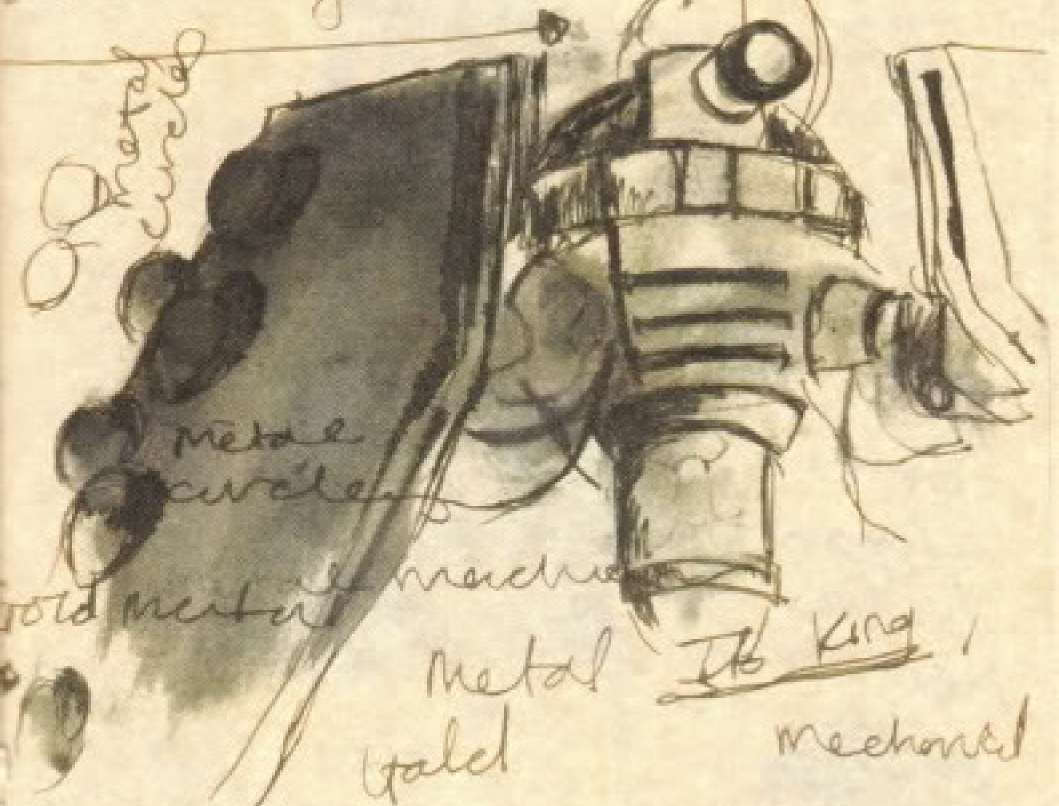
Gold a Gold God

An Emporer?

Gold

There is a strange glass
container with a living
element inside.
Its the King it has

Its the eye the only eye



They are smaller ones but he
is the King.

~~he wrote a letter~~

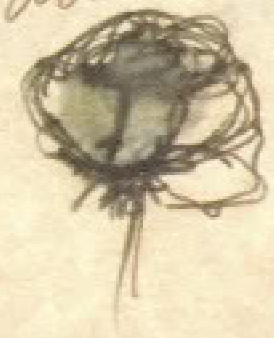
She.

She wrote a letter on
rose petals, scattered
through time.
They became many letters
letters to herself about the
future

letters in future

Some kind of Robot looking
figure

She wrote a letter on rose
petals, scattered through
time.
They became many letters
letters to herself
about the future.



She wrote letters
on rose petals through
scattered
time

Its some kind of metal lady
asking Questions

Its like a future board game
although we are the peices of
the game

robot people

we are all
against eachother

Feminine robots?

women as robots
wearing these

Black GAME
~~masks~~

Sewing?
Sewing?
Sewing?

it was a game!

GAME
PLAYING

cables and
leads
it needed.

man with
wires cables
he controlled it.

The Game – wires and people is

A world of mirrors, and
everyone can see themself,
and you can see dead
people in these mirrors too.
Everyone except me. I cannot
See myself at all.
I am affraid that everything
that happend before will
happen again here. It is like
there is a cancer that spreads
up in whatever I touch.
The wicked world will
~~always grow.~~
~~wall of mirrors~~ Walls of mirrors
I cannot draw it as to
Wall of mirrors it is
far to vague to ~~dead~~
you can see dead people
~~WORLD~~ OF MIRRORS

A woman with the universe
poured into her and she
becomes a lady!
Such grace!
She judges the living and the
dead
Everything
changes as
she passes
know her
forces

Gold eyes

powerful

She had the universe found
inside her
She has the universe
beneath her

Gracefully
so powerful
She ... everything
and everyone that
She ...
She judges all that
come in her path
all and more.
She has Gold eyes the
universe is inside
her.

And there was this enormous stone in the sky, our Shining New London! I swear, I saw Father Christmas. This was he Castel. He Came in Scarlet Robes, and everyone was hopeful but then nobody could understand him.

I woke like a child on Christmas morning and found a fish in my stocking.

Santa although he was tin

Santa?

I think they had ushan

tin Santas, tin Santas tin Santas cin Santas tin-

Santas

He had a face like a skull

No one understands him.

He was the leader

Red Cape

It was like Christmas

Red Cape

weapons

he had a red Cape.

He had bones

He had bones and beads all over him.

I saw Santa

He had a staff that had lots of Orange objects on them Orange.

He had other ones.

Orange

They had heels.

Symbol

This london is like a fairground. There is an enormous big wheel. it lights up. and this is where everyone is in the fairground London Comes to negotiate and bargin

Big wheel is

it is big wheel in london

london is like a fair ground

Eye

There is a big wheel
it lights up the wheel
that lights up
london although it is like a fairground!

It lights up at night

Someone close to me is inside
I know who is inside
one of them

fair ground
London

It has small yellow light
in the dark sky, small
lights lit up the sky

Someone I know
is inside

This london is like a fairground. There is an enormous big wheel it lights up and this is where everyone is in the fairground London comes to negotiate and bargin

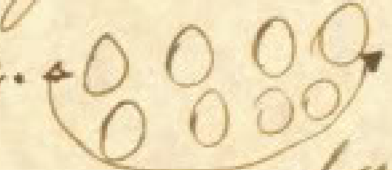
fairground
London
fairground
London
fairground
London

There is suddenly
the Same ~~[illegible]~~
face in every house
in the country. Kept
in a box, and
warmed up. And
Everyone has to have
that face or none
at all.

Everyone has to have the Same

Different Screens with
the Same face.

Everyone has the Same
face.



Every face is the
Same.

There was a face
in a box.

faces all the Same faces
Trapped faces.

A Girls face in a Screen
I know this face I have Seen
it in my dreams before.

faces in the Screen

A face in a box

Screen full of faces

face in a box there was a
face in a box.
face in the box
I know the face in the box

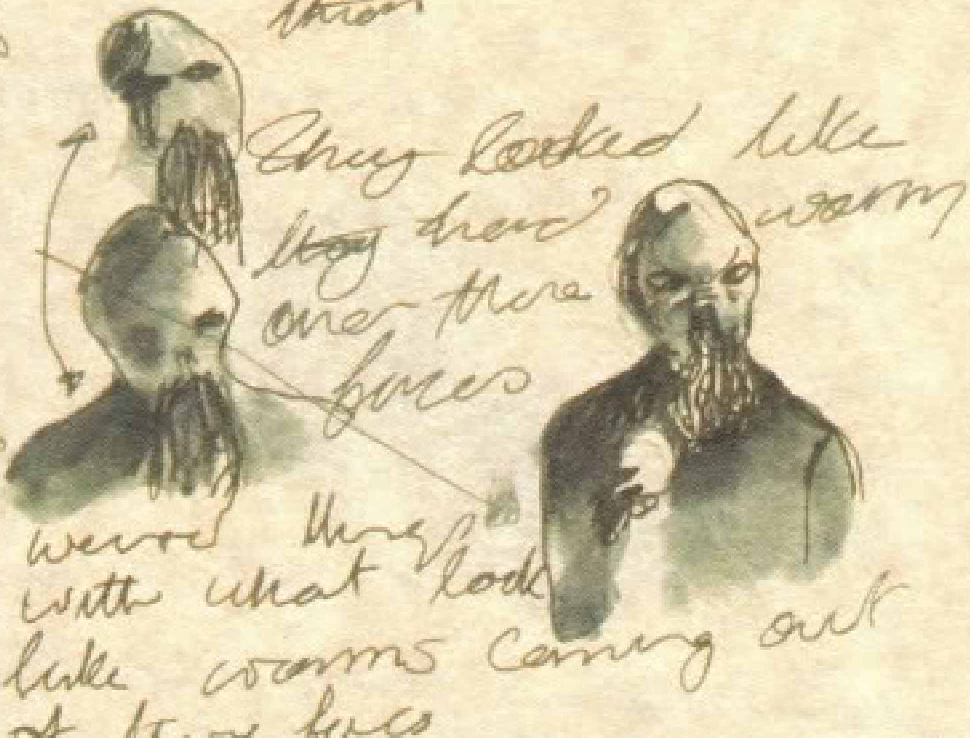
I have seen the opposite of a star. A darkness rather than a light on the ~~void~~ void.

There is a world that lives there, terribly close to disaster. It feels most like a vision, a prophecy. like something out of astrology, that the placing of these ~~Starts is~~ Stars is important.

Rocks Black Rocks fiery ball or a bright ball. astrology

Strange eyes with worm like faces

There was many of them



They looked like ~~they~~ they had worms over there faces

weird things with what looks like worms coming out of there faces

Dark Rocks and bumpy ground it has a bright light although I do not know what it is.

Dark everything is Dark it is all Dark.

And further into the nightmares, there was a pit. And there was a voice from the pit.

And it wrote itself onto mens faces. It sought an escape into the world of men.

It was the beast, I am sure. The thing inside is all that we must not let out.

A broken clock or a broken mirror will let it out.

Pain I keep think a
Something that were heard

fury - part of the beast that lived in the pit.

The beast is the beast

Horns he had

beast in chains in a pit

he was chained

Red and fire

Devil?

There was a man.

Red eyes he had Red eyes

The man with symbols on his face he had symbols on his face

Flame pit of pit of flame

The man that had ... on his face symbols

I am a teacher who dreams he is a lord. There is nothing sillier than that. An mad lord, at that. The eccentric oldest son, who was meant to inherit. But no longer has any claims on his past.

I am a teacher who dreams he is a lord. There is nothing sillier than that. The eccentric oldest son who was meant to inherit. But no longer has any claim on his past
no claim on his past.

I am a lord of times of doing different things with different lords in different years

I think I protect things and am a lord.

I am a lord in my dreams. I am a lord in my dreams. A teacher thinks he is a lord

I have a robe and different clothes.

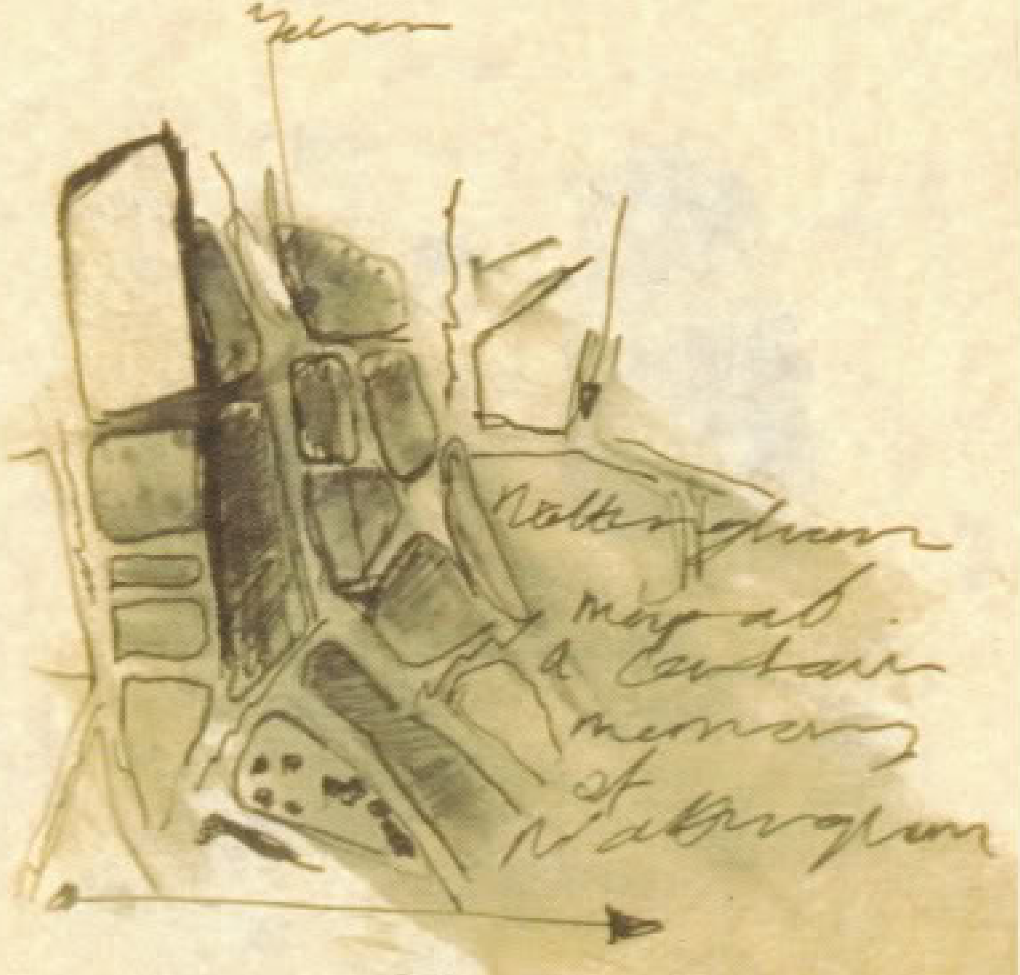
a lord = a teacher

a teacher = a lord

I remember the geography
of Nottingham so well.
What every street meant to
me ......
I must have loved them so
to know them so well.
In my dream tonight, I
was looking down upon them,
as if looking in an atlas,
and I felt oddly distant
from it all.
That is the strangest
thing of all.

→

Nottingham?



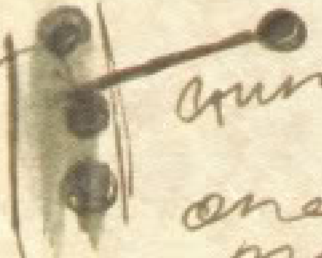
He has a charred light in the darkness. And it hates me. And the most terrible thing of all is I hate it. I had thought I was alone with what I most hate.

charred the light from the darkness

metal machine has ~~wanted and~~ charred the light

he is taking the light

It has a slit to see out of.



gun

one eye metal monster

I hate him he hates me

Everyone is starving, the great city has built a beacon, a sign of hope.

But this beacon is a light that leads men made of bronze here.

Only one of them has a message of hope, is the messiah of his race.

But history & destiny ~~are~~ pull him down. As ever.

I want to write the word HOOVERVILLES

Hooverville

The whole town in New York

It's nothing but building tall ... what have made

Tower of New York

from dreams I have new
~~lists~~ lists of what is true.
I stared at the thought
of the witches on stage,
Scared by an old book
about theatre.
More things I would say
than over heaven or Earth.

Theatre Book Old Colour

New time

a new time

Theatre
Theatre
Theatre
Theatre

the theatre

watch witches
on stage witches.
on stage

from my dreams I have new lists of what is true

from my dream
I have new
lists of what
is true.
I stared at the thought
of the witches on
stage –

He is a man of great
monster [illegible] literature
of time as important
he is [illegible] man.
a great playwright he has something
to do with the
theatre theatre